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EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTER-BOOKS OF LIEUTENANT ENOS REEVES, OF THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE.

CONTRIBUTED BY JOHN B. REEVES, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

(Continued from page 391.)

[LETTER 238.]

“March 27, cross the Eno, a branch of the Neuse River, which with Flat river united, forms Cape Fear River. I arrived at M^r Maybanes, a Commissioner, where I met my men.

“On 28th we were detained for a wagon. I spent the evening with several of the Country girls, who were here spinning, having sung a song or two in order to get one of the girls to sing. I was obliged to sing as many to get her to stop; for she began a song with sixty-two verses and had proceeded as far as thirty, when I was so tired with it, that I beg’d her to stop and I would sing as many songs as she pleased, for it was a horrid, disagreeable tune. Any man that would make a song to contain sixty-two verses ought to be well whip’d for his folly. I am sure persons that would sing it, could not be possessed of much politeness, as they would engross the singing of a whole evening to themselves.

“On the 29th I was detained the most of the day, and did but little else than curse the Wagon Master for letting Gen^l Butler have a wagon he had got for me, when I would have scarcely let any person under Gen^l Washington have it at such a time.

“But as the Wagon Master was the sole cause of it, I expect it will all be charged to his account. I, however, moved about seven miles and crossed Haw river in a boat, as this river is not fordable on this road; and lodged at Lieut. Col. O’Neil’s, of the Militia of this County, who is much of the

gentleman and a very active officer; especially against the Tory Fanning. He is now raising a small volunteer corps for six weeks, who are to be mounted on some of the first running horses of this County, which are to be borrowed or impressed for that purpose. If he don't take him with them, the Devil may take him!

"I stayed to breakfast at Col. O'Neil's where arrived Mr. Penn and another gentleman from Salisbury, where they had been pleading in favor of some of the most notorious Tories and villians in the Country, which suited but ill with the character of a gentleman who had been a member of Congress for four years. On the evening of the 30th I arrived at a Colonel Peasley's, who lived on the borders of an Irish Presbyterian settlement. The family speak very broad. The Colonel lives with his father, who is very old, has lost his teeth and can scarcely be understood; he is very infirm and appears to be a little childish, yet does he continue to perform the religious duties of the family, which he does in a cold formal manner. He begins with a short prayer, then reads a chapter, (either in the Old or New Testament as it happens, for he begins with Genesis and follows chapter after chapter 'till he ends with the Revelations), after that a Psalm is sung or attempted. The old fellow raised it, it awakened the son's wife who had slept soundly during the chapter, and lull'd a little wench to the same business. I with all my attention endeavored to find out something like a tune, but to no purpose, and I felt myself unhappy during the Psalms, for it seemed to be a burlesque on singing or rather on religion. That done they all kneeled for the prayer. The little negro who had been nodding all the time kept her seat, but the old lady (while on her knees) sent her a stroke on the side of her head which laid her sprawling. She then gathered herself up and kneeled with her head on the floor, and her body elevated. In this manner the old lady, in a few minutes the young man's wife, five children and the little wench slept the prayer out, and left the Colonel the old gentleman and myself to enjoy the whole of it. The ceremony lasted about

an hour and a quarter, and on the morning of the 31st, it was repeated much in the same manner, the sleeping excepted.

"We passed Guilford Court House about the middle of the day, where there is nothing to be seen but ruins, graves, and devastation. This is the place where the Battle of Guilford was fought between Major Gen. Greene and Earl Cornwallis with the British Army, which was vastly superior. The battle was uncertain for a long time; Col. Washington made a charge on the King's Guard and broke them, and had the Militia of North Carolina stood any way tolerably, the victory would have been on our side, but they giving way, Gen. Greene was obliged to retreat two miles.

"When the account of the prisoners was taken, it was found there was at least four British killed for one American—nay some say eight or nine. Certain it is, that the enemy was so worsted that they did not wish to renew the engagement, but turned a different course, and crossed Deep River, where Gen. Greene left following them and returned back to South Carolina, and laid siege to Camden.

"GUILFORD COURT HOUSE, N. C.

"March 31st, '82."

[LETTER 239.]

"From Hillsborough to Guilford Court House is fifty miles. On the night of 31st ult., I lodged at a Mr. Archer's, in New Garden, a Quaker settlement, and most of them, as well as the inhabitants of other professions are from Pennsylvania; and that day crossed the North and South Buffalo and a branch of Reedy fork all which are small and easily forded.

"April 1, forded Deep River, and came into a settlement of Germans from Pennsylvania likewise, who were very busy in keeping Easter Monday, which is a noted time for frolicing among them. I lodged at a Mr. Hinkle's.

"April 2, crossed Smearing Creek and the Beaver Dam, two branches of the Yadkin, on which is some of as good land as ever I saw in my life, known by the name of Mc-

Culloch's land. On the 3rd crossed Yadkin River in a boat, which is about one hundred and thirty yds across, and about seven miles from Salisbury, where I arrived about 12 oclock. Salisbury is built upon a hill and contains about forty houses, none of them any way elegant. The inhabitants are descendants from the Irish and no-ways genteel; their women coarse and awkward, and their dresses quite *tawdry*, neither fashionable nor plain, but they are complicated pieces, neither Robes, Gowns nor dresses of the Brunswicks, the polonaise or any thing that I had ever saw before.

"On the 4th I halted to exchange a wagon and get provisions. I dined with a Colonel, where I had a good honest dinner and some whiskey, with which this country abounds. I lodged in the town at M^r Gamble's, A. D. Q. M. at this post. The 5th day of this month was appointed for the execution of a Mr. Bryon, who at the time the enemy was in this Country raised and carried to them six hundred men from the forks of the Yadkin, who were mostly killed and taken by our people at King's Mountain, some time after. He remained with the enemy at Wilmington 'till the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army at York, in Virginia, where he left them and came hiding about near home, where he was taken with three others, tried and condemned and was to be hanged this day, but the Governor thought proper to postpone his execution for one week. The people was so enraged that I expected they would hang him themselves, and I believe would, had they not kept a guard over the prison to prevent them.

"My men marched in the forenoon, and toward evening I rode as far as General Lock's, of the Militia. The General, his wife, four daughters and two sons, are all rough children of nature. I was not a little surprised to see the General's lady soon after my arrival measuring whiskey out by the gill to any person who would please to call for it, and was told they kept no tavern either. The families here, in one respect, resemble the low Dutch in their way of eating—that is the whole family sup their Mush and Milk

out of one large dish for that purpose. No tea or coffee was to be had here. The girls had a *spark* each (as they term their lovers). . . . It was here that I witnessed that practice, vulgarly called bundling. . . . Please to excuse me, for I cannot speak of it with any degree of patience.

“On the sixth I arrived at Squire Kern’s, Commissioner for Rowan County, where I was supplied with five days’ provisions for my party. He is a man who has seen the world; is much of a gentleman, and treats strangers with the greatest hospitality; and his wife is so well accomplished that I would not have supposed her to be a native of this Country—he is a Pennsylvanian.

“On the 7th rode on to a Mr. M^cClure’s, a plain family where I was treated very kindly; his daughter was dressed in the style of these parts.—Figure to yourself a slender girl, about six feet high, of swarthy complexion, dark hair, the fore part over a little roll and the hind part hanging loose on her neck, without shoes or stockings, a linsey petticoat, and a kind of a dress on something like the polonaise but instead of being short it reached to the ground, with short sleeves and it is cut with lappels to pin across the breast, and the neck covered with a coarse handkerchief. Upon the whole, to me they made a very ridiculous appearance.

“I arrived at this place this day about 11 o’clock. It takes the name of Charlotte from the present Queen of England, and the County, Mechlenburg, from the place she came from in Germany. The town is small with a Court-House in the centre, and contains about twenty-five houses, none of them very good. The jail was destroyed by the enemy when the place was in their possession.

“CHARLOTTE, N. C.

“April 8, 1782.”

[LETTER 240.]

“The evening of the 8th I spent very agreeably with Dr.—and Lady, who belong to the Hospital at this place. I marched off on the morning of the 9th, crossed M^cCop-

ping's Creek and passed through the land belonging to the Catawba Nation of Indians. They have a tract of land laid out here fifteen miles square, on the Catawba river, which takes its name from the Nation; they have been very strong but at present they cannot muster more than one hundred Warriors. I crossed the Twelve Mile creek in the rain; put up at a Mr. Crockett's, just over it. It continued raining all night and all day the 11th; the men halted between his Mill and M'Copping's Creek.

"I rode on to Mr. Crawford's through the rain, where the Quarter Master's store is kept by a Mr. Galbraith. I was invited by Mr Galbraith in the evening to accompany him to a dance, at a house about a mile off,—their next neighbors. Mr. Crawford and two of his daughters rode with us; tho' it rained exceedingly hard. The eldest of his daughters is the only genteel girl that I have seen in three hundred miles. Galbraith had one girl, and I the other behind me; we had to ford a creek, that was very deep at this time, and when we got within a quarter of a mile of the house, we heard the company dancing. We arrived tolerably wet. The house was small and the floor was loose boarded, and they much warped with the heat of the fire. The company consisted of about seven awkward country girls and three or four young married women, and about six or seven men, who were much worse than the girls, and the most of them nearly drunk. The fiddle and fiddler was much alike for neither of them, nor both together could play; he, however, when he could not play a tune, would always sing it or attempt it. Their dancing was a continued scene of labor and confusion. We attempted a country dance or two, and except about three couples, the rest were intolerably awkward, as they hobbled through the figures without minding the tune. We had a tolerable supper of meat and bread, with a little buttermilk and drank some very bad whiskey. We left the company about 12 o'clock, the men mostly drunk and some of the girls lively. 'Twas with the greatest difficulty we got home through the rain, the creek, the woods and the darkness of the night,—the

latter was so great that for my life I could not see my horse's head. The first misfortune was my lady's hat was pulled off by the limb of a tree, and my horse came near running into a ditch and must have broken his neck, as well as ours. Second the freshet had run so high we were nearly carried down the stream. Third we got lost in the wood; fourth I lost my hat and got my face scratched, (I found my hat again), and last, we got confoundedly wet. Take it all together, it was a horrible kind of a frolic.

"On the 11th, though rain ceased, yet such a quantity had fell, that the Waxaw Creek continued to rise, and in the afternoon was higher than it had been known for two years. On the evening of the 12th my men came up and got the baggage wet in crossing the Twelve Mile Creek. They were obliged to halt here as the Waxaw still continued so high, that neither man or horse could cross it, with any degree of safety. This day I have been detained for a wagon.—I with much difficulty got as much provision here as would last my men to Camden.

"WAXAW, SOUTH CAROLINA.

"April 13 1782."

[LETTER 241.]

"I entered South Carolina near M^cCopping's Creek, where I passed through the Indian land; and the road all through the Waxaw settlement is the line.

"On the 14th inst. I left Mr. Crawford's where I was treated with a great deal of civility; much more than I had experienced in any part of North Carolina (Squire Kern's excepted)—I mean the back parts of it. They in general appear to be so interested in the affairs of the world, that it is death to them to part with anything, without a prospect of an immediate advantage, which you know ruins them at once on the score of hospitality. I crossed the Waxaw Creek and several small ones and put up that night at a vacant house on the road belonging to one Glass Car-tee, being the first time on my march I was obliged to lie out of a bed. On the 15th passed the Hanging Rocks, where

a number of Tories going to join Lieut. Col: Tarlton, of the British, was met here by Co^l Lee's cavalry, and not being acquainted, mistook him for Tarlton, who rode among them and as they were expressing their joy at arriving safe (as they thought), Lee's men cut away among them and the whole was either killed or captured. In the afternoon I arrived at a house formerly belonging to M^r J. Rugely, an elegant building which never was finished, and now is vacant and all the buildings dependent on it going to ruin,—an elegant mill among others of less note. When the enemy came into these parts he took an active part, and while this place was in possession of the British, he was commissioned as Colonel among the Tories; and had his barn piqueted and abettee'd round, where he and eighty of his men was taken by Lieut. Colonel Washington's cavalry by stratagem. Finding they were secure by their piquets from a charge, he mounted a pine log on a pair of old wagon-wheels, having sawed off the end, which made a bright appearance, and blackened the center the size of the calibre of a Cannon, and was drawn on with men and mane'd as a field piece, they planted it on an eminence and then sent in a demand for the place to surrender immediately or they would fire at them. It had the desired effect, they surrendered on the demand. They were much mortified to be so simply taken in. Col. Washington burnt the barn, and abettees and some of the pallisadoes still remain. On the 16th I happened over the ground where Gen^l Gates was defeated—he was on his march to surprise them and they were on their march at the same time for the same purpose. The advance of the two armies met and had some firing, when our Army formed and lay on their arms as did the enemy. At daylight the battle began, the North Carolina Militia retreated immediately and left the Maryland, Delaware, and a South Carolina regiment to finish the battle. They fought bravely, charged and repulsed the enemy where they fought, who were soon reinforced and came on again; they were at last overpowered by numbers, and nearly surrounded, when they retreated and then had

to charge their way through part of the enemy who were in the rear. There was a great number of valuable officers and men lost that day and among others the brave and experienced officer Major General the Baron De Kalb; the whole of the baggage and six pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the enemy with a number of Officers and men prisoners. Gen. Gates with his Aid de Camp retreated to Guilford Court House where he wrote to Head Quarters. The men that escaped, joined him some time after at Hillsborough. Within sight of Camden I crossed the ground where Lord Rawdon attempted to surprise Gen^l Greene when he came against this place then garrisoned by the enemy. He however, was ready to receive him, tho' taken at some disadvantage, Co^l Washington's horse did wonders, charged through the enemy, got in their rear and took a number of prisoners, the most of which they brought off. General Greene was obliged to retreat a small distance, and his Lordship was so much drubbed he did not choose to follow. After this little action the General left Camden, crossed the Wateree River and laid siege to Ninety-six, which was in possession of the enemy and detached small parties who took possession of the enemies small posts between Camden and Charleston, which caused them to evacuate this place. Camden is a small place near the Wateree River, and contains at present about fourteen houses and the ruins of several large buildings,—the jail and Court-house were among the latter. Indeed the whole Country between this and the Waxaw is entirely destitute of inhabitants and laid waste. The British destroyed the Whigs, and the Whigs retaliated on the Tories, thus none escaped the devastation. The war has been carried on in a cruel, savage manner in this part of America, 'tis almost impossible to believe, without being an eye witness to the destruction, and at best it is a country that will not easily recover the ravages of War. While this Country was in the possession of the enemy the Whig and Tory inhabitants shot at each other, wherever they happened to meet, as all parties rode with their rifles, and numbers of Whigs were murdered

in their beds, and their houses destroyed. The country here is low and poor, except on the Rivers, and the pine is of a different specimen from the common, having long leaves which spread like a brush. I am here entertained by the Officers of the Pennsylvania Artillery, who introduced me to Colonel Cashaw, who is the Proprietor of Camden, and his son. The enemy has destroyed five mills for him and several other buildings of great value; he is much of the Gentleman and treated me very genteelly.

"CAMDEN, S. C.

"April 16th '82."

[LETTER 242.]

"On the 17th I left Camden and crossed the Wateree River, which is about sixty yards across, and is the same River that I have followed down for near a hundred miles, for when I was in Rowan County N. C., at Squire Kern's, I was within a few miles of it, which is there called the Catawba, which name it retains until it comes within about eight miles of this place, where a small Creek called the Wateree changes its name and holds it, till it joins the Congaree. I was accompanied the most of this route by Col Cashaw and his son, who has lately arrived from Europe, having been there for his education. I found him a young gentleman of understanding, free and sociable, but unexperienced in the world. We parted with a promise from him to come and spend some time with me in camp. On the 18th I arrived at McCord's Ferry on the Congaree River. Yesterday and to day I have halted to let my men refresh themselves. I am now within seventy-five miles of Head-Quarters, where I expect to arrive in five days from the time I leave this place. I find the face of the country more changed within fifty miles than I have for three hundred before. My course from Charlotte to Camden was near South-West but since I crossed the Wateree I have nearly steered a due North course. Here is the first place that I have come across the Palmetto tree or rather species of it

called the Palmetto Royal and Parrots or rather Parroquets, and I am told, that Alligators are to be found in this River. I at present stay at a Mr. Brown's, who is A. D. Q. M. at this post, or assistant to Mr. M^cCord who the place belongs to. You may expect my next from Camp.

"CONGAREE, S. C.

"April 20th 1782."